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BEYOND,

BY

THEODORE RUGGLES TIMBY, A. M., S. D.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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CONTENTS.

In the Storm.

The Rock by the Brook.

In the Cyclone's Path.

God and Reason.

The Sun's Forces.

Where God is Seen.

Other Worlds.

PREFACE.

In early manhood I resolved to better the condition of the race by advancing the art of National Defense to a degree that would discourage aggressive war, and to that end make successful invasion impracticable.

In this humane and Christian effort I found myself confronted with (to me) a new and formidable factor in the problem to be solved, viz: that any and every departure from crude and barbarous ways and means would meet with remorseless and relentless hostility; thus adding a hundred fold in time, money, and patience to the task before me.

In this unequal conflict with the inevitable I have often found diversion as necessary to health and strength as is persistence in the pursuit of success in every important reformation. The world seems to have approved my methods for the better security of peace, and now I am encouraged to indicate the nature of my diversion as shown in the following pages.

T. R. T.

IN THE STORM.

Written in a storm on a passage from Havre to New York, in the Steamer *Fulton*, August 21st, 1856.

Egypt's night is on the flood,
The Sun's beyond the liquid hill,
The sea as restless as when God
Commanded its proud waves, "be still!"

'Tis night upon the briny heath,
The winds are driving through the foam;
Our ship is trembling in the breath
Of "Him who rides upon the storm."

No light upon our briny path;
  Hark! hear the crash! Father, stay!
The storm has summoned all its wrath,
  And hurled its fury in our way.

There 's terror in the blinding shock;
  The distant worlds withhold their light;
The winds, the sea, and thunders mock
  The trust we have in God to-night.

Why fear the tempests or the floods,
When God in power directs them all?
Will He forget His promised words,
Yet note with care the raven's call?

THE ROCK BY THE BROOK.

I sat upon this same old rock,
  Just fifty years ago;
And saw a face below the brook
With flaxen hair and happy look.

I sat upon this same old rock,
  Just fifty years ago—
And saw a tiny shadow play,
With flowers gathered by the way.

I sat upon this same old rock
Just fifty years ago,
And listened to the music sweet,
Of whirling waters round my feet.

I stood upon this same old rock
Just fifty years ago,
Saw in the pool another world,
"With purple skies and clouds of gold."

I fished from off this gray old rock,
Just fifty years ago.
With tiny line and baitless mite,
I told the dace to "come and bite."

I fell asleep on this old rock,
Just fifty years ago;
And dreamed an angel held the shade
Above the moss on which I laid.

And now upon this grave old rock
I look for "Long Ago."
See another face below the brook,
And faded leaves are in the nook.

"And we all do fade as a leaf."

IN THE CYCLONE'S PATH.

There on a cliff, by the drowsy deep,
Where the restless waves were lulled to sleep;
There the breathless sail and the boatman's oar,
And the foam of the sea, slept on the shore.

The storm that rolled o'er the girdle of brine,
And aroused it below the sounding line,
Had gone in its wild and dizzy flight,
To rest in the shades of the Arctic night.

The sea, in its light and rippling sway,
Shone like the stars in the milky way;
A silence seemed to couch at my feet,
And the heart of the ocean ceased to beat.

A stranger came and stood by my side
In robes as pure as a royal bride;
Then raised his hand o'er the dazzling lea,
Where the sunbeams came to bathe in the sea.

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He pointed away where the skies unite
With eternal floods like the mountains' height,
Saw the heated clouds in their tragic wrath
Crashing along on the whirlwind's path.

From a deep blue sky, o'er a tranquil main,
The warning tones of a tempest came,
And the waters rose in their restless beds
Like the snow-wreathed crowns of the Alpine heads.

And swiftly the glare of the lightnings came,
To light up the scene with their blinding flame;
And the cyclone charged on the watery hosts,
Like the strife of the Gods in "Paradise Lost."

The cliff, as the ocean, excited and wild,
Shook like the floods where breakers are piled.
In sublime desolation God's judgment was there,
Like the wrath of Jehovah poured out on the air.

Then a "Gem," from His hand had dropped in the deep,
And shone like the Sun on the scene at our feet;
The winds ceased their shock on headland and surf,
And the tones of the thunders were lost in the earth.

The foam of the sea again slept on the strand
At the foot of the cliff, on the rocks and the sand—
For an Angel had rolled the tempest away.
And the sunbeams came and bathed in the sea.

GOD AND REASON.

Go, stand by the sea, in the midst of the roar
Of the winds and the surf that breaks on the shore;
There ask of thy reason, is there a God,
The maker and moulder of the tireless flood?
See! the inrolling tide answers, Yes! there's a God!

And there on the cliff, with clouds at your feet,
Examine thy reason as when by the deep;
Are the tones of the tempest the voice of a God?
See Orient rise, o'er the wave and the sod,
To answer thy query. Yes! 'tis the voice of a God!

And now in the twilight, with night shades around,
Appeal to thy soul,—there reason is crowned;
Are the worlds which we see the work of a God?
Lo, the stars and the universe come like a flood,
To answer thy query. Yes! the work of a God!

Not only is God the author of all
Which we meet in our walk o'er this circling ball.
In the leaf on the plain, on mountain or stream,
Where science has trod, by fountain or sheen,
An infinite mind and PURPOSE are seen.

THE SUN'S FORCES.

The Sun's vital forces are God's appointed authority for all of nature's physical changes within the limit of the solar domain.

He gives us every zephyr, every cooling breeze, every gale, every cloud, and every storm. He gives us every dew drop, every rain drop, and every flake of snow. He gives us every brooklet, every river, every lake, and every inland sea.

From Him every leaf, every blade of grass, and every flower receives its life, form, tint and fragrance.

The mountains fall before his face,
A silent homage seem to pay;
He speeds the floods, their course to trace,
And rolls the tempests on their way.

He frets and calms the restless sea,
And charms to life the frozen land.
He warms the plain and shades the lea,
And fans the burning desert sand.

He crowned Himalayas' lofty dome,
And drew the eternal frostline there.
He lights the feet of coming morn,
And gilds the graceful evening star.

But what is more wonderful, his absence gives us night, and with it a Universe of more than a thousand millions of glittering orbs, some of them thousands of times larger than our Sun, and we may know each and every star to be, by birth and law Divine, the *centre* and *ruler* of an eternal empire of shining worlds,

WHERE GOD IS SEEN.

Who the mountain's brow can lightly tread,
  Mid breach, and stream and silent bower,
And read the face of rock and blade,
  And not see God in cliff and flower?

Who can feel the ocean's throbbing breast,
  Where sleep the winds—or tempests rave—
Where borne along from gulf to crest,
  And not see God in every wave?

Who early dawn can calmly sight,
Where ocean hides the heart of day,
And watch the rising flood of light,
And not see God in every ray?

Who the glittering vault can calmly sight,
Where clear and cool the night shades are,
And meditate their birth—their depth and flight,
And not see God in every star?

Who those far off Suns can calmly sight
Where many million worlds are born,
And, peering through the rifted realms of light,
Can not see God BEYOND their dawn.

WE SEE GOD AND PURPOSE—

In the mountains, in the floods, and in the dainty flowers;
In the whirlwinds, in the clouds, and in the gentle showers;
In the sunshine, in the shade, and in the balmy air;
Beyond the light of distant worlds, and in the farthest star.

OTHER WORLDS.

In our contemplation of the many million systems of worlds which surround us we find our imagination overwhelmed in an eternity of varying life, beauty and grandeur.

We see the countless orbs around us roll in flames,
And know that each a golden empire holds in chains;
We see God's fiery envoys* in magic splendor rise,
In grand electric pomp burn bright along the skies.

And, like the solar worlds that in our system gleam,
Are OTHER worlds, with valleys deep, and lakes in golden sheen:
We see their plains and glens and grottos dark and wild,
And we see their lofty peaks in crystal splendor piled.

* The Author regards the Comets as Envoys.

We see their oceans wide, their rivers pure and bright,
Where pearls and richer gems lie sparkling in the light:
We see their emerald seas, in gold and purple bands,
Where tinted light and shade, in every color blends.

And, we see another, broader, brighter world, *beyond* the skies;
Where *worth*, from every peopled sphere, like floral mountains rise
Around a starry canopy of living truth and love, the goal—
And *Home*, the *Throne* of *Life*, and *Light* and *Law*, the God of *All*.

One God, one Purpose, one Mandate, and one eternal, boundless Whole.

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